

All Heart

-The stable boys are acting up! They want quarter more an hour.

-I'm on the fuckin phone all morning screaming! And you bring me this, Chubby?
Fire every fuckin one!

-Now, Chief.

-Now Chief my ass! What's next after uppity spicks?

-Be some trouble replacing...

-Your problem. Don't bother me. What Spanish for *You're fired?*

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-Their spokesman, Jose begged me to--

-Your typical fat heart! Let him talk then, Chubby. I won't understand a word anyway.

-*Please, Sir...*

-Staring at his feet, Get that, Chubby! It's Dickens or something.
Cap in hand! OK, give them another dime an hour. Get him out of here before he starts to thank me.

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-They're lucky wasn't my father or grandfather: Cut the wages in half!
Well, what the hell! We live in more enlightened times. And I'm the tender heart. More bark than bite, I know. Oh what the hell! They knew they were dealing with a softy. I've lost millions with this heart of mine!